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THE
HISTORY OF
SAM,
THE SPORTSMAN,
AND HIS GUN,
ALSO, OF
HIS WIFE JOAN.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

YORK :

Printed and Sold by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

SPORTSMAN.



There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
 And he liv'd by the side of a wood ;
He had a little wife,
Who lov'd him as her life,
 And to please him would do what
she could.



He took up his little gun.
With which he oft made fun
By shooting at the birds in the air ;
So he went into the wood,
As he thought 'twould do him good,
For he lov'd of his health to take
care.



When to the wood he came,
He prepar'd to take his aim
With his bullets which were made
of lead ;
For two birds he then did see,
As they sat upon a tree,
And before you'd say bo, they were
dead.



Then he went to the brook,
And so sly he there did look,
That you'd think he intended to
fish ;
But such a taste had he,
That he rather lov'd to see,
On his table a duck on a dish.



But his loving wife so neat,
Had a little bit of meat,
Which she meant to be boil'd in
the pot ;
And so unto him did say,
This will serve another day,
As we a good dinner now have got.

SAM, THE SPORTSMAN.

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Then as soon as he had din'd
It came into his mind,

To take his gun again to the lake ;
For since he had such luck,
To shoot the little duck,

He would go try to bring home the
drake.



Now the duck was in his eye,
Says he, I'm sure I'll try,
While you swim their so meek and
so mild.
To shoot you in the head,
And directly it was dead,
But it quack'd as though it was
wild.



He then did take it home,
And gave it to his Joan,

And told her to dress it very nice,
But, says he, you must take care,
And of burning it beware,

And make me a pudding of rice.



Now when she'd got it drest,
'Twas a delicate feast,
For Sam and his sweet loving wife,
The bones they did pick,
And their lips they did lick,
And they eat it without any strife.



One son this queer pair had,
And a very fine lad,

His name it was little Tom Tucker,
And I dare to say,
Before this very day,

You've heard that he sung for his
supper.



So you know all the fun,
Of Sam and his gun,
Also of Tom and his mother ;
As you have read it o'er,
You need do so no more,
But go to the shop for some other

ECONOMY OF TIME.

GRANDMOTHER AND JENNY.

Jenny. WELL, grandmother, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I could never believe that one's work would get on so fast, only by doing a little every day. Look at my stocking, see what a stretch it has got, only by knitting a little every evening, between light and dark, a time that I commonly did nothing in.

Grandmother. We seldom know what can be done, Jenny, till we try ; but you will have more benefit by it, than you think of yet ; first, you will knit quicker every day ; and by the dim light you knit with, you will soon learn to knit without light as well as with it, and that same may be of use to you sometimes ; but above all it will teach you the value of time when you see what a little of it, well applied, can do. You will soon have a good pair of stockings ; and since you began to get up half an hour before the rest of us, you have the house so neat in the morning, and yourself washed and combed for the day, that I am quite pleased with you.

Jenny. And I, grandmother, am quite pleased also, to have your good opinion : but I wish you would tell me, were you ever idle for one hour ?

Grandmother. Oh, yes, Jenny ! but the time came that I found every hour too short.

I was left a young widow, with five helpless children ; the youngest on my breast ; and after paying my husband's funeral expenses, I had not more than a guinea to begin the world with. Then, Jenny, that Bible that you think me so fond of, was a comfort to me. Our Lord says, " Let the widow trust in me ; " I did put my trust in him, and, blessed be his holy name, he has never forsaken me. You know I reared all my children, and put them in some little way of doing for themselves ; and now, among them, they support me comfortably in my old age.

Jenny. That is the least they can do, grandmother : but I wish you would tell me how you, a lone woman, managed with such a family.

Grandmother. Sometime or other, perhaps I may : at present, I will only tell you, that though I was up early and late, I did not find I had one minute to throw away : and though

I was looked on as an industrious woman in my husband's life-time, I now, found I might have been a good deal more so; so I set myself, as well as I could, to make the best use of every hour as far as I knew how. And it pleased God to prosper my poor endeavours, and I hope he will hear my prayers, that you and I may so number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom.

THE END.

